Prin. What ſaiſt thou, *Meſtris quickly*? how does thy husband? I loue him well, he is an honeſt man.

Hoſt. Good my Lord, heare me.

Fal. Prethee let her alone, and liſt to mee.

Prin. What ſaiſt thou, *Iacke*?

Fal. The other night I fell aſleepe here behind the Arras, and had my pocket pick't, this houſe is turnde bawdy-houſe, they picke pockets.

Prin. What didſt thou loſe, *Iacke*?

Fal. Wilt thou beleeue me, *Hal*? three or foure bonds of forty pounds apeiece, and a ſeale Ring of my grandfathers.

Prin. A trifle, ſome eight penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him, my Lord, and I ſaid, I heard your Grace ſay ſo: and, my Lord, hee ſpeakes moſt vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man, as he is, and ſaid, he would cudgell you.

Prin. What he did not?

Hoſt. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me elſe.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee, then a ſtued Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for womanhood, Mayd-marian may be the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee. Goe you thing, goe.

Hoſt. Say, what thing, what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

Hoſt. I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou ſhouldſt know it: I am an honeſt mans wife, and ſetting thy Knight-hood aſide, thou art a knaue, to call mee ſo.

Fal. Setting thy Woman-hood aſide, thou art a beaſt, to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſt Say, what beaſt, thou knaue, thou?

Fal. What beaſt? why, an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, *Sir Iohn*? why an Otter?

Fal. Why? ſhee's neither fiſh nor fleſh; a man knowes not where to haue her.

Hoſt. Thou art an vniuſt man in ſaying ſo; thou, or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

Prin. Thou ſayeſt true, *Hoſteſſe*, and hee ſlaunders thee moſt groſely.

Hoſt. So hee doth you, my Lord, and ſaid this other day,

You

You ought him a thouſand pound.

Prin. Sirra, doe I owe you a thouſan

Falſ. A thouſand pound, *Hal*? a M Million: thou oweſt me thy loue.

Hoſt. Nay, my Lord, he called you cudgell you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardoll*?

Bar. Indeed, *Sir Iohn*, you ſayd ſo.

Fal. Yea, if he ſayd my Ring was

Pri. I ſay tis copper: dar'ſt thou be

Fal. Why *Hal*? thou knowſt, as but as thou art *Prince*, I feare thee, as Lyons whelp.

Prin. And why not as the Lyon

Fal. The King himſelfe is to be fe thou thinke ile feare thee, as I feare pray God my Girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it ſhould, how would thy But ſirra, ther's no roome for Faith, boſome of thine; it is all fild vp w Charge an honeſt woman with pick horeſon impudent imboſt raſcall, if t pocket, but tauerne reckonings, *mo* ſes, and one poore penie worth of long-winded: if thy pocket were in ries but theſe, I am a villaine; and ye will not pocket vp wrong: art thou

Fal. Doſt thou heare, *Hal*? Thou k cency, *Adam* fell: and what ſhould the dayes of villany? thou ſeeſt, I ha man, and therefore more frailty: you

Prin. It appeares ſo by the ſtory.

Fal. *Hoſteſſe*, I forgiue thee: goe m thy Husband, looke to thy Seruant ſhalt finde me tractable to any hon pacified ſtill: nay, I prethee be gone Now *Hal*, to the newes at Court fo that anſwered?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22286) LONDON, 1632 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.6.7